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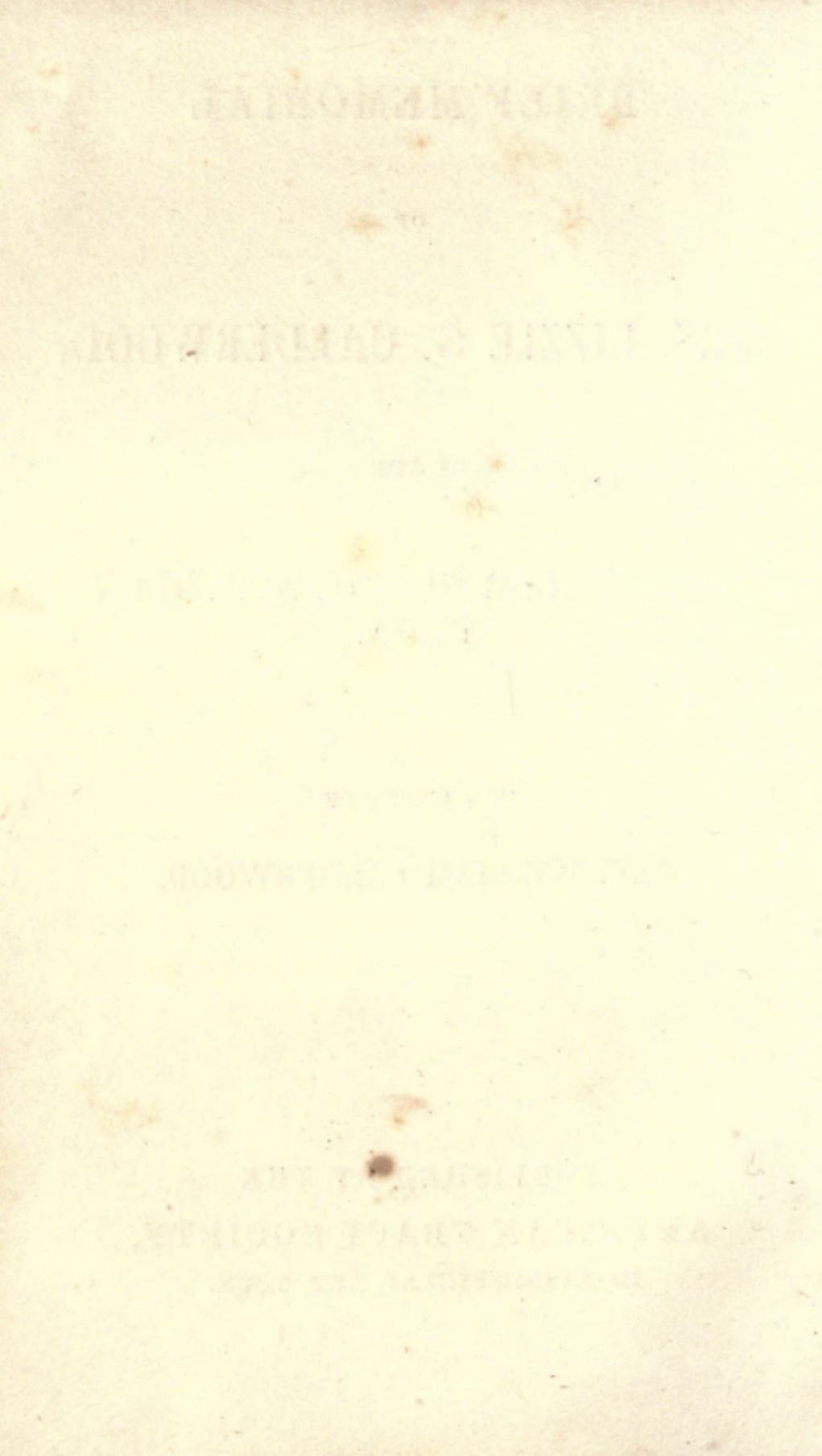


BRIEF MEMORIAL
OF
MRS. LIZZIE G. CALDERWOOD,

SAHARUNPUR MISSION, NORTHERN
INDIA.

IN A LETTER OF
REV. WILLIAM CALDERWOOD.

PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.



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BRIEF MEMORIAL
OF
MRS. LIZZIE G. CALDERWOOD.

DEHRA, Northern India, Aug. 15, 1860.

DEAR MOTHER, SISTER AGNES, AND OTHER RELATIVES AND FRIENDS—For a long time I have been intending to comply with the request of many of you for a more detailed account of my dear departed wife than I have yet given; but always when I attempted it, for some reason or another, I can scarcely say what, I have found it next to impossible to proceed. Today being just one year from my great bereavement, I feel that if I ever do it, it must be done now. Perhaps the fulfilment of this task will be a fitting observance of the first anniversary of the mournful event.

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I, as well as you, have a desire that you should remember one whose memory will ever be most dear to me. I feel that my obligation to make you better acquainted with her, is much strengthened by the fact that you all loved her so sincerely, although many of you knew her so slightly. I will try to write such a letter as you may wish to preserve among you as a kind of memento of a very dear departed one. I will therefore begin with

THE CHILD.

Her birthplace was in the same country town of Massachusetts as that of her very dear friend Mrs. Herron. But though they were both children at the same time in Petersham, yet, so far as they knew, they never met with each other till five years ago, when they were both embarking on the same ship, for the same field of labor, far, far from their native town, there to become most intimate and loving friends.

She was the eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Greenleaf, and was born on the 27th of February, 1835. Her mother dying when she was about two years old, requested *her* mother, Mrs. Phebe Greenwood of Templeton,

Massachusetts, a most pious and active Christian lady, to take her as her own child and bring her up in the fear and service of the Lord. This charge she fulfilled most faithfully, and by the divine blessing, successfully.

For the benefit of those with sunny little faces who, even in a few weeks' acquaintance, learned so fondly to love her, I will tell a story of her childhood.

When she was eight or nine years old, a little friend of hers, younger than herself, had received a pair of new shoes. This little girl went one day a strawberrying. On reaching the strawberry field, to save her new shoes from becoming soiled, she put them off. But on leaving the field for home, she had forgotten where she left her shoes; and as darkness was approaching, she had no opportunity of searching for them. While she had been careful in one respect, she had been careless in another. So next morning her mother required that she should find her shoes before she could have her breakfast. In great trouble, on her way alone to the strawberry field, she called for comfort and counsel on her little friend LIZZIE GREENLEAF. As they walked together towards the

field, doubtless sadly discussing the probability of one of them losing her breakfast as well as her nice new shoes, a happy thought entered Lizzie's mind. She said, "God knows where these shoes are, and if we will ask him, perhaps he will show them to us." Before they entered the field, they knelt down beside the fence, and Lizzie offered a prayer. As for years after this time she had scarcely thought of this prayer, the precise words were forgotten; but she remembered her pleading that God had asked little children to come to him, and now they two little children had come, and wished him to show them where A——'s shoes were.

That prayer, whatever were its words, was answered; they had scarcely entered the field, when, to their great delight, they spied the shoes.

It appears that at that time the Holy Spirit had begun his work of grace in Lizzie's heart. She expressed a desire to enjoy the full privileges of communion with God's people. But on account of her early youth, her superiors in years advised her to defer the step for a time. For some years, about this time, she enjoyed great delight in daily secret prayer; and in

riper years she sometimes longed for the sweet seasons she in childhood often enjoyed in secret communion with her Saviour, and the transporting views she sometimes had of him as her Elder Brother and Redeemer.

I presume it must have been about this time of her life when the following anthem or hymn became a special favorite of hers, as she spoke of it as having been such for years. Favorites of any kind give an excellent clue to the taste of the individual. The character of the favorite sacred songs of any Christian is a good index to his prevailing frame of mind. He who is always sorrowing will have very different favorites from those of him who is always rejoicing; even the airs that a person is accustomed to hum over, may be an indication of his taste and character. This hymn she invariably sung to the sweet flowing melody of Lowell Mason's Ariel. When I recollect the animated expression with which she always sung the last verse, I feel I ought not to have been surprised that her closing hours on earth were so calm and triumphant. I wish all my nieces could sing with the feeling that their dear aunt Lizzie did, this beautiful hymn.

"Oh could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

"I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine ;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

"I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

"Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face ;
There with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace."

She had one other very special favorite. It seemed to be understood that one or the other of these must be sung at the close of our hours of singing, in which, ever since I have known her, we have been accustomed to indulge. Till this

moment, it never occurred to me how much these two favorites correspond with each other. The music of this is also by Lowell Mason. I will transcribe one or two verses.

“Jerusalem, my glorious home !

Name ever dear to me ;

When shall my labors have an end

In joy and peace in thee ?

“Oh when, thou city of my God,

Shall I thy courts ascend,

Where congregations ne'er break up,

And Sabbaths have no end ?

“There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,

Nor sin, nor sorrow know ;

Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes

I onward press to you.”

I remember hearing her speak of several occasions, when she was about nine years of age, when little girls called on her, and sometimes when a few would be walking with her from school, she would talk to them about Christ's loving little children, and how much he had done for them ; and as their little hearts would melt, sometimes even to tears, she would suggest that they all go with her to some place where they would not be seen or disturbed,

and there thank him and pray to him. Her grandfather's barn was one place to which they resorted for such purposes, and a shady grove not far from her grandfather's house, another. Sometimes they took the Testament and hymn-book with them, when they would read and sing and pray. Of these occasions she seldom spoke without adding some such exclamation as, "Oh, what sweet seasons those were!"

Who can limit the amount of good done at these children's impromptu prayer-meetings; the holy impressions that may have been made upon their young hearts—impressions which may have had no slight influence in giving tone and character to their after-lives? "The child is father to the man." "Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?"

But after those years of interest and pleasure in divine things, came some years of lukewarmness, over which she often deeply mourned. Probably, however, few would have looked upon those "years of backsliding," as she called them, in the same light in which she did. It does not appear that she was ever considered

a thoughtless or irreligious girl; on the contrary, she was commonly regarded as consistently pious from her childhood up.

Although her home was over three miles from her house of worship, yet perhaps there was not one more regular in attendance there, or more uniformly in the Sabbath-school, both when she was a scholar and when she was a teacher. I have heard her speak of her having walked the whole three miles, rather than either stay at home herself or prevent her good grandmother from going; as sometimes there were not vacant seats in the carriage in which they were accustomed to go to church, for both of them. What she in after-life mourned over was not a reckless irreligion, but a lack of holy, ardent delight in sacred things; a want of full assurance of faith; and especially an inactivity in promoting the eternal welfare of others.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

I think she was never fully decided in her own mind, whether it was before or after those years of lukewarmness in religious things that she really became a child of God. When she was about seventeen years of age her interest

in religion was graciously revived. Her pastor, a devoted servant of Christ, the Rev. A. V. Dimock, at that time pastor of the Baptist church at Baldwinsville, Massachusetts, feeling fully assured that she had *at some time* become a child of God, admitted her to the communion of the church under his care.

The first I ever heard of her was when I was engaged in that most important work, the circulating of the books of the American Tract Society. As volume agent of the Branch Society at Boston, I made it my business to go to each town and obtain Christians of both sexes who would, as a religious duty, without any pecuniary remuneration for their labor, receive a few of the publications, and taking an allotted portion of the town, would visit every family in that section, and endeavor to do all the good they could do, in the way of religious conversation and prayer; and supply at least *some* religious publication, by either sale or grant, in every household.

Mr. and Mrs. Dimock and myself were consulting as to what persons might be suitable to visit his parish, when he remarked, "There's Lizzie Greenleaf; if she were only home from

the seminary now, on vacation, she would like to visit the whole of the parish herself, and no one would do it better." Her name being again mentioned, I asked who this Lizzie Greenleaf was. Her pastor replied, "She is a young lady about twenty years of age, who two years ago united with the church, and since that time, after the example of her divine Master, she has been constantly going about doing good, and has been the means of the conversion of more than one."

As Providence would have it, she did return from the seminary in time to visit a portion of the town. Nor did she, in the performance of that labor, dishonor the high character her pastor had given her. With the other voluntary colporteurs of that parish, at an appointed day, she met me at the pastor's house to report with regard to her colporteur labors. I asked her how she liked the employment. As the crimson slightly mantled her cheek, and the moisture filled her eye, she replied, "I wish I could be always engaged in such work."

Nor was this a mere transient flash of zeal. She had whispered to her grandmother more than once, that she "would like to go to any

country in the world where she could be constantly engaged in telling perishing sinners about the precious Saviour." And, what I presume few of her friends ever knew, she at one time had determined to go unmarried as a foreign missionary, should her grandmother not forbid it. It was not *her* fault that she did not carry out her purpose.

But she was not one of those who are constantly saying or *thinking* that if they were only in some place where they are not, or in some circumstances in which they are not, or if it were not for this or that or some other thing, *then* they might do some good, but just as they are they can do little or none. She was not one of those who look with such interest and intentness on distant opportunities, that they cannot see the most urgent demands close at their side. Wherever she was she labored with such interest, and unfaltering, cheerful zeal, that an observer would have thought she considered herself always in the very best place in the world for the noblest Christian exertion. *Improve the present* was emphatically her motto.

I cannot refrain from giving you an illustration of this, and in giving it I am thinking

again of those with bright little faces, who were so delighted with her visits. It may be suggestive to some, as to how they may sometimes obtain opportunities of doing good; and it is interesting to me as another example of the ease with which such opportunities are found by those who are always on the lookout for them. There is always "ready work for willing hands."

She herself, however, seemed to think that she had done, and had even attempted, very little. I do not remember her ever speaking of the incident to which I refer but once, and then I with difficulty drew from her a few of the facts by a succession of questions. The chief details have been learned from papers discovered since her lamented departure.

She was always considered as a most diligent student while at school. One might therefore have expected that while there she would have excused herself from active Christian effort for the salvation of others. But to do good was a recreation to her.

She had a young lady companion at the seminary, a great favorite with the scholars generally; intelligent, talented, and good looking;

but considered to be entirely thoughtless as to her soul's eternal welfare; and she was engaged to be married to an openly irreligious man. Lizzie persuaded her room-mate to engage with her in prayer daily for the salvation of this gay young companion. For a long time these two together wrestled with God in prayer for this special object. "Morning, noon, and night might these two young Christians have been heard pouring out their hearts in supplication to God for —'s conversion." One day she entered, somewhat abruptly, this gay companion's room, and found her with the New Testament in her hand, which she at once threw aside. "No, no," says Lizzie, "do n't lay it away, but let us read it together;" saying which, she took it up and read a passage concerning the sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus, and closed remarking, doubtless with affectionate feeling, "Is it not a shameful sin for any to neglect such a precious Saviour, who has done so much for them?" Her companion, with the tears gathering in her eyes, replied, "*O, Lizzie, I do want that Saviour to be mine.*" Soon they were both on their knees, and in a few days it was cautiously whispered around

through the school, that — had become serious, and intended to join the church.

The person to whom she was engaged was not a little displeased ; and with all her efforts to arouse him to a sense of his own eternal danger, the best terms to which she could bring him were, that she might be as religious as she pleased in secret—might pray every day in private—but she must on no account make a public profession of religion. Many were the struggles and trials through which she had to pass before she found her way clear in this matter. I need scarcely say that she sometimes found comfort from a few words and a prayer with Lizzie. Her irreligious friend was firm in his determination, that if she would be *his* wife she must never be openly numbered with the people of God—he doubtless depending for success on her long and ardent love to him. She at last found herself compelled to choose between her Saviour and the object of her earthly love. Grace triumphed. It has been said that after she had united with the church, he hesitated as to the wisdom of *his* decision, but I have not heard it whispered that she ever repented of *hers*.

While Lizzie was thus faithful to the eternal interests of those around her, she was not neglectful of her ordinary duties. Her object in studying was to make herself the better able to accomplish good. If Providence threw opportunities in her way for the accomplishment of this grand object without interfering with the pursuit of the secondary one, why should she in the least sacrifice the principal to the subsidiary? Those young men or young women who, in the course of their education, find few or no opportunities for the performance of actual labor in the upbuilding of their Saviour's kingdom, have great reason to fear that they may not find these openings any too frequent after their course of training is completed. He who neglects an inviting opportunity for the accomplishment of good while he is pursuing his studies, has certainly some reason to doubt whether he is pursuing them *for the purpose* of fitting himself for doing good.

Her earnest efforts to promote the welfare of others did not seem to interfere at all with her progress in her daily studies. The principal of the seminary considered her one of the most diligent as well as apt scholars of his

school. From her first attendance at the district school, till the time when she left the seminary to come and teach benighted heathen the way of eternal life, she was often the youngest in large classes and yet at their head. It will generally be found that those that do most for others, prosecute their own affairs with the best success. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."

But it is not always that those most active in doing good meet with the fewest trials. Perhaps few have made great progress in sanctification without having had their faith frequently put to severe tests. I must not fail to speak of what was undoubtedly, to *her*,

THE ORDEAL.

About a year from the time of her colporteur labors, some of you met with her, and know the cheerfulness with which she left the home and friends of her childhood and youth, for the sake of going "to tell perishing sinners [of India] about the precious Saviour." But there were fearful storms through which she had to struggle in reaching the sunshine in which you saw her. of which only a few ever

knew, or will know, until they shall learn them from sanctified lips above, in the notes of the grand anthem of praise to Him who giveth us the victory.

In her own mind, through grace, she had been consecrated to this great work for years, in case Providence should open a door through which she could enter upon it. On this subject her mind never changed. But the idea of abandoning all that had been dear to her from childhood was often to her overwhelmingly distressing; and just before the final determination on the question of her going to India at the time she did go, events transpired, all of which were providential so far as she was concerned, and many of them so far as any human being was concerned, which, for a time, seemed almost absolutely to forbid her proceeding.

A few words from one of her grandmother's letters to her while she was at the seminary, will give some idea of *one* of the trials through which she had to pass. It must be remembered that for years she and her grandmother had composed an entire family, and their mutual love was most ardent. Her grandmother writes her:

"But I must answer your kind letter, although it is a most trying task. Yes, dear Elizabeth, to think that you have made up your mind to leave me and go to India, never more to see your face, is very trying to your aged grandmother. I was hoping to lean upon you in my declining years. Yes, Elizabeth, you are as dear to me as my own daughter could be, now that I have no daughter left upon earth. It is very, very trying. But if the Lord has called you to this great work, I will say amen to it, and rejoice that he has counted you worthy."

The bitterness of this fearful cup was aggravated also by the fact that, with but two or three exceptions, all her relatives and accustomed advisers were firm in the belief that she was doing wrong in going to India. Nor did they at all attempt to conceal this opinion from her. To some persons this might have caused no serious grief; but not so with her. From childhood, one of her characteristics was, that objections made by her friends to any step she took, were to her a cause of inexpressible uneasiness.

You would be better able to appreciate the bitterness to her of this ingredient, had you

seen the radiant sunshine with which her countenance was lit up, on reading, after she had reached the mission ground, such passages as the following. The first is from a letter to her from one whose opinion she looked up to with almost the same confidence as to her grandmother's, and who for a long time felt it duty firmly to protest against the step here more than approved of. This person writes, "I now rejoice very much that you went to India. I feel thankful that I have so near a relative laboring among the heathen for their salvation. I feel it has been a great blessing to myself, by increasing my interest in the cause of Christ."

I may be allowed to give a slight hint with regard to this change of sentiment. You may judge whether it may not, at least *partly*, account for the change. The person had long been a Christian. But even Christians do not always bask in the sunshine of religion. In the letter from which the above extract is taken, there are various very evident indications that religion had recently been very much revived in that person's soul.

A few genial rays of light and heat from the

Sun of righteousness on high, will sometimes do wonders towards dispelling the dark foreboding clouds that often hang over the vale of religious sacrifice and self-denial. Many sacrifices which appear quite uncalled for, indeed very wrong, when viewed through the dusty clouds of this world, appear very right when seen in the clear light of eternity.

The following from her revered pastor also reveals something with regard to this same trial. "There were misgivings in some hearts, but not in yours, nor in your companion's, no, nor in mine. I believe in doing right, and leaving the consequences with God. . . . And now I believe all agree that the results have shown that the step was approved by our divine Master."

Her grandmother, although the chief sufferer, always gave the movement her hearty approbation. She writes, "Almost if not all of your friends now think you did right in going, and daily I thank God that he called you there, and pray for success to you and to your whole mission, in the blessed work of showing poor ignorant heathen the way of eternal life."

That good woman, from the day we left the

American shores, till the day of her lamented death, 27th December, 1856, at a particular hour of every day, no matter how she was engaged or in what company, retired to supplicate blessings on us, on our work, and on that of our whole mission. I believe her hour for this prayer was at ten o'clock A. M. Oh that we had more than we have of such praying mothers in Israel.

I have often wondered why the great Ruler above should allow or direct such obstacles to appear, as rose before her of whom I write, when she was preparing to go as a foreign missionary. Probably, however, it is as easy to understand his providence in the present case, as in his commanding Abraham to slay his only hope of promised posterity; or in stripping Job of all his earthly possessions. Although her trials at the time were most distressing to us both, yet they had scarcely passed over when we were enabled most heartily to bless our heavenly Father for them. I regard them as having been an important instrumentality in preparing us for our work in India; and the Christian heroism with which she buffeted them, I have always considered one of the

clearest testimonies I have ever met with to the depth of her piety, the nobility of her Christian character, and the genuine fervor of her zeal in the service of her Redeemer. The circumstances and results of this trying ordeal illustrate the wisdom of not conferring with flesh and blood, in the discharge of our highest duties; and the certainty that, though obstacles as fearful as the deep waters of the Red sea lie before us, we may go over dry shod, if we in faith boldly "go forward."

Without detaining you with any details about the voyage, etc., which I presume would neither be new nor edifying to you, I will go on at once to say a little, and but a little, about her as

THE MISSIONARY.

It was with a kind of bewildering satisfaction that, after the distressing ordeal through which she had passed, the whirl of excitement in the busy scenes of our departure from America, the tossings on the wide ocean, the rattle and dust of a thousand miles through the midst of this heathen country—after all this within the space of a few months, it was, I say, with a kind of bewildering joy that she could look

around on the work before her, and say, "Well, am I now indeed on foreign missionary ground? Am I really settled down in my own home, among the heathen, with nothing to do but to labor to lead them to the Saviour? Why, it seems as if it must be only a dream. And how remarkable the providences by which I have been brought here! How narrowly did I escape losing the precious privilege!" Often such expressions would musingly fall from her lips within the first few months after our settlement at Sahárumpúr.

Her deep interest in the great work, her ardent desire to be engaged in it, did not vanish at the touch of the realization. In the early part of her missionary life, she thought she could scarcely remain here ten years without visiting her dear old home. But gradually, in her mind, she extended the time of her visit further and further—twelve, fifteen years—and at last, if she ever visited home, she wished to return here and leave her bones on the mission field. In the latter wish she has been gratified, sooner indeed than she anticipated, but not, as you will see, before by divine Providence and grace she was prepared for it.

With regard to her interest in her missionary work, a slight hint may be found in the following, which she penned just one year and two days before she entered into her rest.

"God has been most kind to us in preserving our lives through this dreadful rebellion. I trust we shall be led to do more for Him and love Him more, for this merciful preservation. Oh, how little have I done for Him who has done so much for me! Oh that I could live *entirely* for Him. I have been the past year much more anxious to be more earnestly and zealously devoted to His cause, and have tried very hard to do more work for Him than formerly."

I ought, perhaps, before this to have referred more particularly to an event which occurred shortly after she entered upon her missionary work, and was of no slight importance to her. Many, many a time, often for hours together, she would weep almost as if her heart would break, when something would suddenly recall to her mind her "poor dear grandmother, left all alone." She, however, never expressed a doubt that she did right in coming to India. "God will take care of dear,

dear grandmother," was her usual satisfying consolation. God did take care of her. He took her up into *His own home*. The following appeared in The Watchman and Reflector, January, 1857:

"DIED, in East Templeton, on the 25th ult., Mrs. Phebe Greenwood, in the 68th year of her age. For the last thirty-five or forty years of her life she was a 'living epistle, known and read of all men.' Her piety shone brighter and brighter to the end of her course. All who knew her were constrained to feel that her daily deportment and conversation were a living demonstration of the truth of experimental religion. She loved the cause of Christ, the followers of Christ, and the ministers of Christ. She had an excellent acquaintance with the system of doctrines contained in the Bible, and adhered to them as her spiritual food. Her fervid zeal, her humility, her calm unshaken trust in God, her heavenly unction in prayer, evinced that she daily experienced fresh anointing from on high, and held constant communion with God. Though she lived more than three miles from the house of God, yet her seats there and in the Sabbath-school were seldom vacant on the

Sabbath for a series of years. She was remarkable also for a tender concern for the souls of others, and especially for those of the young. By a cheerful and happy frame of mind, she divested religion of every thing repulsive and gloomy to the youthful mind, and labored to win them to Christ. She was therefore peculiarly dear to the young, as they could not but feel assured that she was their sincere friend.

"While our departed friend was ardently attached to her own church and denomination, still, rising superior to the prejudices of party, she rejoiced equally with all who gave proof of possessing the mind of Christ. She has left two children and a number of grandchildren to mourn their irreparable loss. One of the latter is the wife of Rev. William Calderwood, a missionary of the Reformed Presbyterian church in India. Mrs. Calderwood was brought up by her grandmother, and will therefore mourn as for an own mother. This event will doubtless cast a deep shadow over her Indian home. That mission too has lost the fervent prayers of one who, at a particular hour of each day, remembered it in supplication before God. But her work on earth is done, and why should

we be reluctant to have her go to the rewards of the just? Though her mortal remains are housed in the silent tomb, and her sainted spirit has gone to dwell with Christ, she will long live in the memories of those who knew her."

From the above obituary notice, taken in the connection in which it here stands, you cannot avoid noticing how distinctly the impress of the character of the grandmother was left on that of the granddaughter; another beautiful illustration of the power of maternal example.

After this event Lizzie felt additional gratitude that Providence had brought her to India before her grandmother's home was broken up by death. It was all well. The offering was made in good faith; Isaac was sacrificed; and now after four short years from the time of the offering, the devoted grandmother and the fondly-loving granddaughter are restored to each other in an infinitely happier home than that which, for the sake of their Saviour, they broke up at Templeton. Doubtless ere this, in celestial songs of gratitude to their beloved Saviour, with a heavenly ardor they have congratulated each other over the sacrifice that grace then enabled them to make.

During the four years of her life in India, most of you heard from time to time of her missionary labors; so that even if I had leisure now it would be unnecessary to enlarge on them.

In the acquisition of the *native languages*, for a long time she kept quite in advance of her husband, and would doubtless have continued to do so, had her health remained as firm as his.

In no enterprise did she ever make more strenuous or prayerful efforts, than in the *gathering of heathen girls into a school*. She did indeed succeed in getting some to attend very regularly, but they were few in number. Her success certainly did not seem to be commensurate with her efforts. But if she did her duty, she could do no more, and the gracious reward will not be wanting. Doubtless David's honest desire to build the temple met with as large a reward of grace as if he had actually accomplished the work.

But her success in *instructing the native Christian women and their children*, was most gratifying. The children came to her every morning, and after instructing them for some hours in the common branches of education, she taught

them and their mothers various kinds of needle-work. This introduced them to quite a new way of spending their time, a way that did not seem to have ever before entered their minds. She has done them a great benefit in teaching them to improve their hours of leisure from strict domestic duties in this way, for which she received many most pleasing marks of sincere gratitude. Some of you have seen some of their work performed under her direction.

Simply teaching them the work was only a small part of her care in the matter. They were entirely dependent upon her for selecting and purchasing the material, planning in what way to make it up, and disposing of it after it was manufactured. She was therefore a kind of commission merchant, purchasing for them by the wholesale the raw material, and retailing for them again their manufactured article. Although the pecuniary profits of her mercantile operations were a minus quantity, yet I am sure she enjoyed the business quite as much as merchants usually do in filling their coffers. Part of her interest in this work arose from the excellent opportunity it gave her of daily conversing with the women and children in an in-

formal manner on religious subjects, as well as the common duties of life. Like her grandmother, she had a peculiar aptness for doing good in this way. The amount of good she really accomplished in this department of her labors, I believe can scarcely be overestimated.

Several of the girls that she instructed are now in the mission boarding-school for girls at Dehra, pursuing the same course of education under the care of Mrs. Herron. Soon these girls will become the mothers in our Israel here. With such a training as they are now receiving, they will be fitted for doing incalculably more for the advancement of Christianity in India than their predecessors could do. Intelligent religious female influence is now, most undoubtedly, one chief desideratum in the evangelization of India. I trust this boarding-school at Dehra will yet do wonders towards securing this great desideratum. I bespeak for it the earnest prayers of you all.

I have discovered a scrap written in her hand, which she evidently prepared as a kind of a skeleton of a discourse, as preachers would call it, to assist her memory in making some remarks to the native Christian women, prob-

ably in their *weekly prayer-meeting*, which was established shortly after we settled at Sahárunpúr. From some references in it, it seems likely that it was prepared on the occasion of the death of a little orphan boy, John H. Brown, named after the worthy superintendent of the Sabbath-school of the Rev. Dr. McLeod's church, New York. You would perhaps like to see the skeleton of a *Hindustani sermon by her*. I will give under each word its translation into English, from which you will be able to pick out the meaning of the whole, although in *English* the composition will not appear very rhetorical.

Merí Piyári Bahin—Yih achchá waqt hai
My Dear Sisters—This good time is
 ki ham apne dilon ko ázmáwen ki we Khudá
 that we our hearts to examine, that they God
 ke nazar men achchá hain ki nihín.
 of sight in good are or not.

Khudá is waqt, ham ko, buland awáz se
 God this time us to high voice with
 bulátá hai, ki ham apne Khudá se milne
 calling is, that we our God with meeting
 kè liye taiyár howen.
 for ready be.

Khudá, ham men se, har ek ko apne kám
 God us among from every one to his work
 ke karne ko bulátá hai.
 of the doing to calling is.

Ek haftá guzrí, pahle se zayádá zor se
 One week ago, before from more loud from
 bulátá hai.
 calling is.

Hamko, uskí awaz ko sunná cháhiye.
 Us to His voice to hear it is necessary.
 Aur cháhiye ki uske khidmat karne
 And it is necessary that His service the doing
men ziyádá koshish karen.
 in more effort make.

Aur zarur hai ki ab ham dil o jáñ
 And necessary is that now we, heart and soul
 se dua mánge ki hamári larke, jaldí se,
 with, pray that our children, quickly,
 Yisuh Masíh par ímán láwen; aur ki we
 Jesus Christ upon faith bring; and that they
 Khudá ke khauf aur dánáí men barhen.
 God of fear and wisdom in increase.

While she was so much interested in promoting the welfare of those around her, she was not forgetful of her old acquaintances in America. Of some of them she could scarcely ever speak without expressing the most anx-

ious solicitude regarding their eternal welfare. I have found a scrap of her writing, without name or date, which is evidently a part of a letter intended for one such person. Although she was not a very prolific writer of letters of mere friendship, you will see from this that she sometimes found leisure to write for the simple purpose of doing good.

"Let me ask you," she writes, "have you looked to the things pertaining to your soul's welfare? Do you believe from the heart, that you have nothing more to do in preparation for another world? Ask yourself seriously, *Am I prepared to die?* Do not tell me, dear —, that God is merciful and cannot bear to see his creatures suffer, and that there can be no such thing as everlasting punishment. Yes, he is merciful, but he is also just. If we go to him, he promises us *eternal life*; but if we reject him, it is just as certain we shall have *eternal misery*.

"Do not say, dear —, that you *have* accepted him; for it is written, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Do the people of the world know you to be a child of God by your fruits? Think a moment; what are the fruits by which they know you to be such? Are your walk

and conversation such as become a child of God? Do those around you, particularly your family, see that you are careful always to keep the Sabbath holy; that you do not even think or talk about worldly things; that you are careful to converse only on sacred things, and read only religious books on that holy day? Is one of your fruits morning and evening family worship? Do you teach your little ones about this great and holy Being who has done so much for you? I am afraid you do not. I fear your fruits show you to be only of the world.

"And now, dear ——, I have one request to make, and that is, that you *daily study your Bible and ask God to direct you by his Holy Spirit to read it understandingly.* Go as a child to it, and try to learn from it what you ought to do; and as it teaches, so do. Do not go trying to prove this or that or the other thing.

"It has pleased God to lay you on a bed of sickness several times; and twice, within my recollection, to bring you very near the grave. And it has pleased him to restore you again, and to grant a few more days to you to prepare for heaven. Now let me entreat of you

not to put it off longer, but come now while you may.

"I beg you, dear —, to think over these things, and to strive *now* to become a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. I shall continue to pray for this so long as I live."

With regard to another such person, I find the following in a kind of a journal, in which she appears to have only occasionally written at her daily private devotions; for like her good grandmother, it was her custom to retire daily at ten o'clock for secret prayer.

"MAY 12. To-day I received letters from my dear home: from my dear —, my beloved —, and my truly dear —. Oh how my heart bleeds for her. She is yet without God, without Christ in the world. Oh how I ought to humble myself in the dust for her. Oh, my heavenly Father, do thou in much mercy spare her life, lengthen out her day of grace, at least till she turn unto thee. Bless the influence of her dear pastor over her. Oh, draw her heart to thyself. Oh that my eyes were a river of water, that I might weep day and night for her. Oh give me faith to believe that thou art able to and wilt turn her from the error of her

ways to thyself. Oh bless the letter that may have reached her ere this. May every word bring home the truth to her heart, that without thee she cannot live."

I fear too many of us quite too seldom write such letters, and offer such prayers as these.

In no work, I think, did she engage with greater relish, than in *visiting the heathen women* of the neighboring villages at their own houses. But it was only a short time before the commencement of her fatal disease, that she felt sufficiently at home in the native languages to perform such visits with comfort and advantage. I have no doubt you would have enjoyed seeing her seated on a *chárpái*—a native bed, used also for sitting on during the day—with twenty or thirty native women and children standing around her, or sitting on the ground, chattering that strange topsy-turvy language of which I gave you a specimen. Doubtless you would be willing to take some trouble to see such a sight. I cannot show you the sight, but perhaps I may assist you a little in imagining the scene, by giving you an extract or two from a little book, in which she seems to have commenced, at one time, a kind of journal of

these labors—evidently intended to assist her in the discharge of such duties, by helping her to remember the circumstances of the places she might visit. In these visits she usually took one or more of the native Christian women along with her.

“APRIL 14, [1858.] Took Eliza [wife of Rev. I. W. J. Wylie] with me to Patánpúrá, and met with a more cordial welcome than I expected. The women and children flocked around me, and talked so fast I could scarcely understand what they said. Upon invitation they promised to call on me at my own house to-morrow.”

“APRIL 15. Contrary to my expectation, more than a dozen of the women and children came. I talked with them, showed them the interior of our house, and answered innumerable questions about the strange things they saw. In the evening took Eliza and *Sohaní*” [Kanwar Sain’s wife, who was the first person I received to the church, and who has proved a most worthy member] “with me, and went to the same village. Having been previously invited by an old woman to call on her the next time I came to that village, we went first to her house. She invited us to be seated on *chárpáís*, and soon at

least thirty women and children were around us. After talking to them for a time, they asked us to read to them, and Eliza read the first part of the sermon on the mount. Four or five old women said they believed in God, and wished to become Christians. Eliza told them that there were two ways of wishing to come to Christ: one is in *word*, and the other in *heart*; and that Christ would only accept of those that came in the latter way. They then began to boast of their good works. Desiring to hear more reading, I read them from the sixth chapter of Matthew. As we were leaving, the old woman asked me to take a drink of milk, and seemed quite surprised and delighted that I consented. . . . Oh that God would bless us in this work, and that he would open my mouth so that I might fully and clearly point these poor creatures to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

"APRIL 16. Visited three houses in a village on the canal west of our house. Although many were out at work in the fields, those we saw treated us politely. One woman was spinning, and Sohani worked a little for her, which seemed to please her very much."

Had she from whose journal the above is extracted been spared in health a few years longer in India, I have no doubt she would have accomplished great good in that department of labor. Few are as well fitted as she was, for obtaining access to such places.

I must now introduce a subject which I fear will not be as pleasant as the preceding, to either the reader or the writer, although it may be quite as profitable to both.

THE SUFFERER.

I may as well frankly confess, that it is only after several abortive attempts, and now with the utmost difficulty, that I am able to come to the determination to proceed in some way with this part of the narrative. For the purpose of refreshing my memory as to dates, etc., I glanced over some old papers; but instead of this exercise fitting me to proceed, it only made progress impossible, for a length of time which I am ashamed to confess. I am sure you will pardon me if I should here seem to be somewhat more brief than you expected.

I cannot date her last illness later than June, 1858. It was then that the disease to which

she had been more or less liable for the previous five or six years became so alarming that the physician was consulted. For some months we had employed a teacher of the native languages for each of us, as it seemed necessary for her to pursue quite a different course of study from mine. I therefore knew less of the manner and extent of her labors than previously. Nevertheless I am surprised that I did not learn, in some way, or indeed that she did not distinctly tell me what the doctor on close inquiry discovered—that for several weeks, at the completion of some of her daily duties, it was a common thing for her whole frame to be in such a tremor for half an hour or an hour, that she was unable to hold her pen with sufficient steadiness to write. The labors which were followed by this tremor were teaching the girl's school, and translating with the *múnshí*—native teacher of Hindustáni.

The physician very naturally ascribed the aggravation of her old disease to excessive effort and interest in the discharge of these duties. I this moment discovered that her most earnest labors in visiting the heathen women at their houses were shortly before this

sickness, and often on returning from these visits, the first thing she would say to me was, "Oh how I wish I could talk Hindustáni as I can English!" She indeed confessed that the chief reason of her not allowing me to know earlier the full extent of her weakness, was the fear that I should stop her from studying with the múnshí; and she hoped that with a little more care she might regain her strength without discontinuing any of her regular duties. Her medical adviser ordered her at once to Dehra or Landour, for change of air, etc. He said that one reason of his ordering her away from Sahárumpúr was, that he knew if she remained there she would not be able to disengage her mind sufficiently from her usual labors; and he charged me to be careful to prevent her from pursuing her studies while absent.

Having been away from home about a month she returned, but not with the full approbation of her physician, who, after she had been home six or seven weeks, sent her away again. She returned in November, improved somewhat in health, but much less than we had hoped for.

Shortly after arriving home, she started with

me for our annual meeting of the mission, held that year, 1858, at Lodiana. It was at that meeting, which may perhaps be called the *revival meeting*, that the invitations for the World's Concert of Prayer were issued. Perhaps she is still thankful that a good Providence arranged it so that she should attend that remarkable meeting, and that the last annual meeting she was to attend should be *such* a meeting. She always enjoyed meeting with her fellow-missionaries, and did not forget them, as you will see, in her last hours. Her affection for them, I believe, was fully reciprocated. More than one of them has said that no one was a more general favorite with the members of the mission than she. At that meeting she had an opportunity of bidding, what turned out to be, her last farewell to most of them.

It was her impression, I think, that she had gained as much strength in attending the meeting as she had in the same time at Dehra or Landour; and on her return home in December, she at once resumed most of her missionary labors. But these were her last, and were continued but a short time.

For a few days she had been suffering from

a cold, with occasional fever and ague, but all so slight as scarcely to attract our special notice; when about the fifteenth of January, 1859, the wife of the government surgeon at the station happened to call, and on learning her state suggested the propriety of our calling in her husband, which was done. He discovered that she had been ill with a slight mucous dysentery for probably nearly a year past, without her fully realizing the nature of the disease. She then began to be afflicted with the most excruciating pains, suddenly seizing her, first in one part of the body, then in another—now in her arm, then in her leg or shoulder. I cannot describe to you the intensity of the suffering she then endured for about eight days. The station doctor called in another physician for counsel, and both of them attended her daily for more than a week. I shall never forget the kindness of these physicians and their wives. Indeed, all our acquaintances, both European and native, showed a sympathy with us, and an interest in our welfare, which we had no reason to expect. The kind way in which this interest was often shown impressed us very much. General Eckford, C. B.—a good pious man, son-in-

law to the late James Haldane, the eminent Scotch lay divine—who had been in the habit of calling frequently during the whole time of her sickness at Sahárumpúr, wrote every morning inquiring for her health, and called every evening when she was able to see him, during the three weeks of her very severe illness. The Civil and Session's judge, and his lady, could scarcely have shown more interest in their own children. One day he wrote such a kind note to us that, perhaps in connection with other kindnesses, it brought the tears freely to the eyes of both the sufferer and myself ; and some months after this, when he heard of our being advised to go to America, he showed the sincerity of his interest in us, by offering the use of his purse to any amount we might need in going home. This he did under the impression that we were depending on our own resources for the expenses of our voyage ; but as this was not the case, we of course could not accept the generous offer.

About the first of February her pains were entirely removed, and other diseases much mitigated, so that she rode out with me in the buggy several times, and took a few short

walks. To regain her former strength, her medical attendants advised a visit of a few weeks to Dehra or Landour. So fair were her prospects, that neither of us felt the necessity of my abandoning my post and remaining with her; but they said, that one reason she did not receive greater benefit from her visit than the summer before, was her not being so happy absent from her husband, and they would not advise her going again, unless I went and staid with her while she remained.

Accordingly, on the 7th February we left for Dehra, hoping that in a few weeks she would be as strong as ever, when we should both return to our labors again. How frequently we receive lessons on the uncertainty of all earthly things.

For some time after our arrival at Dehra, she improved very rapidly. It was at this time that I made a most interesting visit to *Bignour*, from which I was recalled on account of her disease taking a very unfavorable turn. Her chief ailment had never entirely left her, and towards the end of February, in some way she caught a severe cold, which very much aggravated her other complaints.

All the time we were at Dehra we were the guests of our excellent and dear friends the Herrons. We have never found anywhere, and could not wish to find, better friends than they have been. We felt as much at home in their house as in our own. They spared no sacrifice to make the invalid comfortable and happy. Brother Herron did what every brother would not do—went out and lived in a tent, that we might have comfortable rooms.

About the middle of March, the severe shifting pains experienced at Sahárunpúr, returned again; and in several other respects the suffering invalid began again to get worse. The first three days of April were days of most fearful suffering. I can safely say that I never witnessed suffering at all approaching that in severity. So acute was the pain, that some of her lady friends were sometimes compelled to leave her room, that they might not add to her distress by weeping in her presence. Although she could not conceal the wrenching pains with which her body was racked, yet I have never known that any one ever heard a murmur escape her lips. The tranquil patience she maintained during those days of agony, was the

wonder of her physicians, and indeed of every one that saw her. After those pains left her, she told me she never in her life before enjoyed so sensible a realization of the Saviour's presence, as she did when the pains were the most acute. The nearness of his presence seemed to be in proportion to the severity of the bodily distress. She said it was "quite worth while enduring the outward pain for the sake of the inward joy." Here is another instance, to add to the thousands we have had, of one like the Son of God walking with His people in the midst of the fire, "while a hair of their head is not singed." You will shortly see, I think, that her experience in this respect was something quite unusual. I do not recollect ever hearing of such remarkable joy, in such severe pain, as she experienced.

April 7th, we left for Landour, to stay at the Retreat till the beginning of the rainy season, when we hoped to return to Sahárumpúr. This change also was followed at first by favorable results.

April 10th, for the past four years, had been a memorable day to us. There was no day of the year whose return she hailed with greater

joy. She could not celebrate it this year as formerly ; but Providence, as if to gratify her to some extent on the last of such occasions she should enjoy on earth, granted her better health that day than any day for some weeks previous, and better than she ever afterwards enjoyed. She walked a little alone, and several times across the room with help. Although very weak, she insisted on kneeling in prayer by my side, and leading in that exercise herself. I will give you an extract from an entry in my journal on that evening.

"This is the fourth anniversary of our wedding-day—four years now since our marriage. In reference to this, she offered such a prayer as I never heard her present before, for its self-consecration, and its nearness of approach to the divine presence. She reviewed the chief blessings of our lives, but dwelt particularly upon that of our marriage and the mercies we have enjoyed together since that time. She has several times spoken of the extreme suffering she endured a week ago to-day. She says all of that day in which her pains were the most severe, she was involuntarily saying in her mind, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me, and

He will help me still.' In conversation to-day, she said she had not for years had the slightest fear of death; and she now thinks that as her 'Saviour has been so constantly with her in these very severe trials, she has more reason than before to feel sure that He will not forsake her even in the passage of Jordan.' She has a firmer hope of glory to come than she ever had before, and thinks she has during the sickness made some progress in spiritual life. On this account, she heartily blesses God that he has sent these trials. She enjoyed singing with me to-day very much."

On the 13th, in the afternoon, a native woman who was waiting on her, came running to me from her room, in great consternation, saying, "Uem Sáhib áp ko buláti hai"—The mistress is calling you. Hastening to her room, I found her leaning back in her chair before the fire, in a fainting fit, her body all in a tremor, while a native Christian woman, in great alarm, was trying to get her to speak. I laid her on her bed, and dashing a little water in her face, she at once revived. She says about two years before she left America, she had three or four such fits, at times when she regarded herself as in

her usual health. The station surgeon providentially was on the road near our house, when he was sent for, and was by her side within fifteen minutes from the time I was called.

Some hours after this, I accidentally noticed tears in her eyes, and asked her what was the matter, what troubled her. "Nothing troubles me," she says, "only I was feeling so happy." "What are you feeling happy about?" "My Saviour is so near to me, I have so many comforts that many have not—good friends near me, etc. There's Mrs. B——," [a good Christian friend of ours, wife of a lieutenant-colonel in the army,] "has not been able to be off her bed for several weeks, and her husband cannot leave his post even to come and see her; while I have you with me all the time, and Jesus is so near to me; He's nearer me than you are;" drawing me closer to herself by my hand, which was then in hers. After some other remarks were exchanged, she says, "Oh what a difference there is between *knowing* that God is present, and *feeling* Him! I always *know* He is present, but I don't always *feel* Him so." Then she went on to explain that when I saw the tears in her eyes, she thought "she almost saw the

Saviour, leaning over her, comforting her, and seemed to feel the soft pressure of His hand on her head." She went on to say, "Our home is a *very* happy one, but it cannot be so much so as heaven. I have been thinking how pleasant it would be to die. There is only one drawback; it is leaving you alone. . . . How pleasant it is to think that all my best friends who have died have gone to heaven, and I shall meet them there; and all my best friends who are left alive will follow me, except *perhaps* two." . . . I remarked that "perhaps *she* would follow *them*." "Well, no matter which goes first; I mean that I shall some time see them there."

Her medical attendant had advised us to be ready to remove at once to Dehra, when the rains would fairly set in. Accordingly, on the 8th of June we left the Hills, intending to remain in Dehra during the rainy season. On arriving there, the physician at that place, and all our friends, urged us to prepare at once to visit America. To determine on such a move was no slight trial to us both. But the positive opinion of four physicians, being all that knew her case, and had an opportunity of ex-

pressing their opinion on it, that such a step presented the only promise of recovery, the unanimous and urgent advice of our friends, together with our own fears founded on experience as to the effects of rainy weather on her diseases, brought us at last to the full conviction that it was our duty to go. Although the event has been so mournful, yet I have never heard of any change of opinion regarding the propriety of the step. I still believe it was our duty to go. All things occur just as they are ordered on high: still there is every reason to believe that if we had not been unexpectedly detained for nearly a month at Allahabad and Calcutta, we should have been well out at sea while her strength remained; in which case, according to all the medical opinions I have obtained on the subject, including the best in India, she had a fair prospect of arriving in America in a good state of health.

Almost the only fear of the physicians was the journey down the country during the *rains*. But a merciful Providence ordered it so that we experienced not the least inconvenience from rainy weather. In the whole journey by carriage and railroad to Allahabad, a distance

of 500 miles, we did not have half an hour's rain while we were on the road. The invalid I believe was in quite as good health when we reached Calcutta on the 23d of July, as when we left Dehra on the 28th of June. Changes of air always had an immediate good effect on her diseases, sometimes to a degree that quite surprised us. This advantage much more than compensated for the fatigue and other inconveniences in the journey to Calcutta, as well as on that to the annual meeting before spoken of. On our arrival in Calcutta she rode in a carriage, apparently with perfect comfort, from the steamer in which we came from Allahabad to her boarding-house, a distance of about two miles. Some time after this, by the advice of her medical attendant, she took an hour's drive in a carriage. Having received benefit from this, she several times afterwards prepared to go out, but was always prevented by the incessant rain.

The next day after our arrival in Calcutta, Dr. Macrae, one of the two most eminent physicians of that city, kindly consented to attend the invalid, which he did most faithfully and skilfully, and notwithstanding the large amount

of service he rendered, he most generously refused to accept of any remuneration. Indeed, of the eight physicians who attended her, only two accepted of any fee, and these two had rendered the least service. Dr. Macrae having, at our request, carefully examined the lungs of the patient, said, "There was not the slightest indication of any disease in them—that she could not expect to recover from her complaints, or regain strength, during the rains in either the mountains or the plains of India—that we had nothing to fear as regards the effects of a voyage on her health, if we could sail before she lost much more strength—that if we could get out of this wet climate *soon*, into the sea air, we had every reason to expect that in a few weeks her disease would disappear, and she arrive in America as strong and healthy as she had ever been."

August 2, her disease became worse, and her pains and vomiting very severe.

One day about this time, after a most fearful flash of lightning and clap of thunder, she asked me to lie down on the bed by her side. "Why?" I asked, "are you afraid?" Such a crash could not have failed to produce a shock upon the

firmest nerves. "No, but such thunder startles me," was the reply. "But suppose the lightning should strike you dead, which is not at all impossible; what then?" "Why, then I should be freed from all my pains." "How do you know that; have you never committed any sin?" "Yes, a great many; I am a poor sinful creature, but Christ died to take away all my sins."

That day she again spoke of never having had a fear of death for the past five or six years. I often feared that the death-scene might prove to be too severe a test for so confident an assurance of faith. But my fears, as you will see, have been most happily disappointed. To me her experience is a most convincing evidence, that such a full assurance of faith *is attainable* as will not only bear the test of years of temptation, and the most severe afflictions, but will even brave the king of terrors in the last great struggle. I must be a dull scholar indeed, if in four years' companionship with such a teacher, and through such vicissitudes, I have not learned something of the value of such a constant assurance of a title to eternal life. Oh how sweetly comforting in affliction, how assuring in alarm, how supporting in death, to be

able to say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Let us "give all diligence to make our calling and election sure."

August 11, Thursday, about 10 o'clock A. M., I came into her room, having been absent for over an hour, and found her sleeping. But her look was so deathlike, that I was instantly convinced of the truth of what Mrs. Lish, our hostess, who indeed was like a mother to us, had labored for several days to impress upon my mind, that there was real danger that she might not survive to reach the ship. As I could not repress my emotions, I retired to a distant room, and gave free vent to my feelings. It was nearly two hours before I could gain sufficient control of myself to return to her room. My great struggle was on that day. With about as much fear as hope, from that time I tried to say, from the heart, "*Thy will be done.*"

When you have read what I have further to say, I think you will agree with me, that I may appropriately designate her closing hours,

THE TRIUMPH.

If ever any one, at the very verge of the tomb, has been able to say, "O grave, where is

thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" it was she of whom I write.

August 13, Saturday, about 10 o'clock A. M., she fell into a state of such weakness that Mrs. Lish, for nearly an hour, watched for her last breath, although, from various circumstances, I felt confident she would again revive. Having become quiet for a moment, and closing her eyes; in a tone that I thought the sleeper would not hear, I remarked, "Now she will take a little sleep, and wake up feeling better." Without appearing to open her eyes, she brought my ear close to her mouth, and whispered, "I shall soon sleep in Jesus' bosom."

After about half an hour's sleep, she woke up much revived. I suggested that if she really had such thoughts as she expressed on going to sleep, there would at least be no harm in her preparing for the worst. "Well," said she, "I do wish to send some messages. You take your book, and I will tell you what to write." She then dictated two letters to near relatives, one of them quite long. Those letters do not belong to me, so I have no right to give them to you. But I may say that in both, she spoke of being "glad she had come to India," and urged upon

those to whom they were addressed, to "be always in readiness for death and eternity."

In one of those letters occur the words, "I GO TO BE WITH MY DEAR SAVIOUR," which she expressed in a tone and manner that made a deep impression upon my mind, an impression which I would not wish should be, and which I feel never can be erased. The words, the tone of voice, the expression of countenance, indicated such a fervor of love, such a clear apprehension of the divine Person of whom she spoke, that the pencil almost dropped from my fingers, and a kind of awe crept over me, as if I had unexpectedly found myself in the sacred presence on high.

She sent short messages to several others; as, "Tell the missionaries of our mission, and their wives, that I love them all, especially Mrs. Herron." Her message to every one was, "Prepare for death." She gave me particular directions about giving mementos of her to a number of her relatives and friends.

I think it was the afternoon of this day, Saturday, when she asked me to sing the one hundred and forty-eighth psalm, second version, which we always sung to the tune *Lenox*. You

will remember the psalm from the first stanza, which is :

“The Lord of heaven confess,
On high his glory raise.
Him let all angels bless,
Him all his armies praise.
Him glorify, sun, moon, and stars;
Ye higher spheres, and cloudy sky.”

She frequently joined, but was too weak to sing much. As I ended she remarked, “The words and the tune both chord exactly with my feelings.”

On the morning of this day her medical attendant expressed his fears that she would not live to reach the ship. The incessant rains had acted fearfully on her diseases as well as on her strength in general. The ten days we were delayed at Allahabad, every day expecting a steamer to start, and the three weeks we were detained at Calcutta before we could secure a passage to America, were, I consider, the proximate cause of the fatal event. These being matters so entirely beyond our control, and which we could not possibly have foreseen, we have the less room for self-condemnation in the matter. What Providence does is done right.

I may say here too, that had the ship in which we had taken passage sailed a week or two earlier, as was at first expected, the event might have been even worse than it was. At that time a fearful storm of several days swept over the whole Indian ocean, in which multitudes of ships and lives were lost, and one man who accompanied the remains of the departed to their resting-place, and who sailed the day she was to have sailed, found the next day, in a storm, a watery grave. We have therefore some special reason to feel that, in our case, "He hath done all things well."

It having become known that her medical attendant had given up hopes of her recovery, we were advised to call in another physician, who had obtained some celebrity for the cure of severe cases of such diseases as hers. To this, Dr. Macrae in the most gentlemanly manner consented. The new doctor being called and undertaking the case, as well as from other circumstances, we felt much encouraged. Mrs. Lish and I, supposing her to be asleep, were speaking of the encouraging prospects of her even yet recovering, when she spoke out, saying, "I do n't know that I wish to get well."

"Why," said I, "would you not like to labor more for the spread of the gospel among the heathen?" She hesitatingly said, "Yes;" then, after a pause, she spoke out in a loud lively tone, as if she had suddenly made some pleasant discovery: "I'll tell you just exactly what I wish—I wish *that* to be which will be most for the glory of God." "But you can do nothing for the salvation of the heathen in the other world," said I. "I expect my Saviour has something *there* for me to do, or he would not call me there," was the reply.

At this moment, as I write, I do not recollect any passage of Scripture that would justify the assertion that glorified saints can do nothing for the salvation of the heathen. She of whom I write believed that, in the world to come, there would be some sphere of active benevolence for the redeemed, some work in which they might do good to others. She now knows whether she was right or not. At present it more concerns *us* to improve every opportunity we *now* enjoy of doing good to others, than to know whether there will be such opportunities in the world to come. *She* did not neglect the present in anticipation of the future. Her

opinion in this matter may indicate a marked trait in her character—her delight in doing good to others. She felt that heaven, to be heaven, must afford, in some way, a sphere for active benevolence.

Lord's day, August 14th, she was very comfortable all day, much better than she had been the day before. The new course of medicine produced a most decided improvement in her symptoms. At one of his visits that day, the doctor said if she continued improving for four days as she had the past twenty-four hours, he would pronounce her out of danger. He made a singular remark, which may be noticed as corroborating what has been already referred to—her cheerful patience under severe trials. He said, "Three things particularly promote recovery: good spirits, the power of medicine, and the grace of God. This patient evidently has the *first* in a remarkable degree; I shall try to apply the *second*, and I hope the *third* will not be wanting." In moving from place to place, she necessarily had frequent changes of physicians, having had eight different ones attending on her more or less during that sickness, every one of whom remarked, some of

them with great surprise, her astonishingly cheerful patience. No one could be in her presence for even an hour without observing this. I doubt, however, whether all understood the secret of it—her constant and vivid realization of her Saviour's presence, her unwavering assurance that he was making “all things work together for her good.” All could easily see her courageous patience; but all might not observe the form of “one like the Son of God walking in the midst of the fire with her,” “bending over her, comforting her” so sweetly, that even *tears of joy* were brought to her eyes. This was a clue to her constant peace and joy which every attendant did not discover.

So much encouraged was I that day, that frequently I was unable to refrain from weeping with joy. How little we know what a day may bring forth! The invalid, however, evidently continued to look upon her great change as near at hand. As she was lying quietly meditating, she broke out singing that beautiful sacred song,

“Asleep in Jesus! Oh how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet,” etc.

She sung two stanzas with apparently as firm

and clear a voice as ever in her life. Indeed, she seemed to have caught inspiration from above, for her usually rich, clear voice appeared to have acquired a more than earthly sweetness. I wish you could have heard her voice on that occasion. You can find the hymn in "The Sacred Songs," published by the American Tract Society; there set to the music to which she sung it. Dr. Duff, at her request, prayed with her to-day; and after he left, she spoke of having enjoyed his prayer in an unusual degree.

Monday, August 15. The eventful day! As I was standing at the window, gazing at the rising sun, which, as had seldom been the case for many weeks, was that morning ascending beautifully into a fair and cloudless sky, before I was aware that the sleeper had awoke, I was startled by her commencing to sing,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

She did not sing this with as firm a voice as she sung the day before. This was her last song on earth. How exceedingly appropriate!

The piece, of which this is the last verse, is also in "*Sacred Songs.*"

At worship this morning, she asked me to read the fourteenth chapter of John's gospel, "Let not your heart be troubled," etc. When I had read to the end of the third verse she interrupted the reading, saying, "There, that's enough; now pray." This, I presume, was the last scripture she read or heard read in this life. Again, how appropriate! That chapter and the hundred and twenty-first and twenty-third psalms were her favorite portions of the Bible. She was accustomed to repeat or sing them when she wished to turn her thoughts upon religious subjects, but had neither the Bible nor psalm-book at hand. Those psalms must have become her favorites in her later years, as it was the Scotch version she sung, which she never had seen till I presented her with a copy. Well I remember the calm trusting tone with which, when something caused fear or anxiety in our minds, she would repeat,

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid;
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath made."

That morning, both of the doctors having called, at different times, she asked them whether they thought she ought to attempt to go aboard the ship. They both unhesitatingly said, By all means go; that presents the only hope. Dr. Macrae told me alone—not with dry eyes—that he feared I must give up all hope of her living long; but still, if she were alive when the vessel sailed, by all means go aboard. Just after he left, I received a note from Captain Hickey, saying that our luggage must be at the vessel by 4 P. M. that day, and we ourselves might come the next morning. No time was to be lost. By about 3 P. M., I had sent off our luggage to the ship, when I was sent for to remove the invalid from the sitting-room, into which we had carried her on the couch three or four hours before, back into her bedroom. I expressed surprise that she should wish to be taken back at that time. She said she "felt strangely." She had just reached her room when the Rev. Mr. Pourie, pastor of a Free Kirk congregation in Calcutta, called. I had talked with him for a few minutes, when Mrs. Lish called me. I found the poor sufferer becoming very restless, wishing

frequently to have her position changed. But I did not really fear that she was then going, although a thought of that had crossed my mind at her expression that she "felt strangely," until perhaps about half-past four P. M. On my asking her if she felt happy, she replied, "Yes, in *mind*." "Are you afraid?" "No," with a shake of the head. "Is Jesus with you?" Not in a whisper, but in so loud and cheerful a voice that every one in the room was startled, she replied, "Yes, he is." Shortly after this, with an unusual effort, she turned herself from her right to her left side, so that she could extend her right hand, saying, "*Now I am going home; 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'*" These were her last words. She then held out her hand towards me, and literally *shaking* my hand, with an energy that quite surprised me, she smiled, much as if we were parting only for an afternoon. She then held out her hand successively to each of our friends in the room, each of whom took her hand and kissed her. After this, for perhaps two minutes, she continued looking up quite beyond us, with such a smile and expression of countenance as I never before saw. I felt sure

she was seeing something very pleasant, and made a move, involuntarily, to ask her what it was, but was prevented by those around me. She then with a slight knitting of the brow, as if in momentary pain, closed her eyes, her face resumed its former smile, and all was over. Thus about 5 P. M. she sunk to rest, or rather rose to glory.

The first words after this were whispered by the nurse, who, I presume, had witnessed scores of death-scenes: "What an easy death; I never saw the like of it."

With difficulty, with a bursting heart, I have reached this point in the narration. You must excuse me from adding much. I do not remember ever before having witnessed the death of any one. I cannot describe to you my feelings of that hour. But you may think, if you choose, of a person suddenly coming to his senses, and finding himself sick, alone, and destitute, in the midst of an unknown waste wilderness. Oh the desolation!

Next morning, Dr. Duff conducting the last sad religious services, her redeemed dust was laid in the old Scotch burial-ground, there to repose till the Lord himself shall come in his glory, when she shall appear among those who "shall rise first."

I have caused the spot to be marked by a neat marble slab, a drawing of which, together with the engraving on the black marble tablet



which is inserted in it, I herewith inclose. In the same burial-ground rest the ashes of Dr. Lowrie's first wife, and of two wives of Mr. Morrison, one of our missionaries now at Ráwal Pindí.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Let me *live the life*, that I may "*die the death of the righteous;*" then I also shall be prepared, with my last breath, to say,

"NOW I'M GOING HOME."

"I'm going home—prepare the bridal wreath!
My Saviour bids my happy spirit come:
Damp not with tears the Christian's bed of death;
Rejoice, I'm going home!"

"The dove hath found her nest, the storm-tossed found
A place of rest beyond the dashing foam
Of grief's wild billows—thither am I bound.
Joy, joy, I'm going home!"

"Earth's flowers all fade; those fadeless roses blow:
Earth's sunniest light is shaded by the tomb;
Earth's loves all slumber in the vault below.
Death dwells not in that home."

"I see the city of the blest on high
With the freed spirit's ken. I come, I come !
Ye calling voices, catch my heart's reply :
Home ! *now I'm going home.*"

RAGG.

Ever yours, most dutifully and affectionately,

W. CALDERWOOD.

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